Numb. CCLXIII.

# The SPECTATOR.

*Gratulor quod eum quem neceſſe erat diligere, qualiſcunque eſſet, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.*
Trebonius apud Tull.

*Tueſday, January* 1. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in whom I do not only ſee my Life, but alſo my manner of Life, renewed. It would be extreamly beneficial to Society, if you would frequently reſume Subjects which ſerve to paſs theſe ſort of Relations faſter, and endear the Ties of Blood with thoſe of Good-will, Protection, Obſervance, Indulgence and Veneration. I could, methinks, have this done after an uncommon Method, and do not think any one, who is capable of writing a good Play, fit to undertake the Work wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret Inſtincts, and Biaſſes of Human Nature, which would paſs unobſerved by common Eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outragious Offence againſt my own excellent Parents to anſwer for, but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt Life, from my earlieſt Infancy to this time, there are many Faults which I commitred that did not appear to me, even till I my ſelf became a Father. I had not till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart, which a Man has when he ſees his Child do a laudable thing, or the ſudden Damp which ſeiſes him when he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Remorſe touched me for a long train of Childiſh Negligences of my Mother, when I ſaw my Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and turn as pale as Aſhes upon ſeeing our younger Boy ſliding upon the Ice. Theſe ſlight Intimations will give you to underſtand, that there are numberleſs little Crimes, which Children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they ſhall themſelves become Fathers, they will look upon with the utmoſt Sorrow and Contrition, that they did not regard, before thoſe whom they offended were to be no more ſeen. How many thouſand things do I remember, which would have highly pleaſed my Father, and I omitted for no other reaſon, but that I thought what he propoſed the effect of Humour and old Age, which I am now convinced had Reaſon and good Senſe in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart glad with an Account of a Matter which was of no Conſequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are long ſince in their Graves, who uſed to ſit and plot the Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we were ſometimes laughing at the old Folks at a diſtant End of the Houſe. The Truth of it is, were we merely to follow Nature in theſe great Duties of Life, tho' we have a ſtrong Inſtinct towards the performing of them, we ſhould be on both ſides very deficient. Age is ſo unwelcome to the generality of Mankind, and Growth towards Manhood ſo deſirable to all, that Reſignation to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father; and Deference, amidſt the Impulſe of gay Deſires, appears unreaſonable to the Son. There are ſo few who can grow old with a good Grace, and yet fewer who can come ſlow enough into the World, that a Father, were he to be actuated by his Deſires, and a Son, were he to conſult himſelf only, could neither of them behave himſelf as he ought to the other. But when Reaſon interpoſes againſt Inſtinct, where it would carry either out of the Intereſts of the other, there ariſes that happieſt Intercourſe of good Offices between thoſe deareſt Relations of Human Life. The Father, according to the Opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down Bleſſings on the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offspring of ſuch a Father. It is after this manner that *Camillus* and his firſt-born dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleaſing and indolent old Age, in which Paſſion is ſubdued, and Reaſon exalted: He waits the Day of his Diſſolution with a Reſignation mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Acceſſion of his Father's Fortune with diffidence, leaſt he ſhould not enjoy or become it as well as his Predeceſſor. Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his Friends, an eaſie Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Companion to his Acquaintance. He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This Commerce is ſo well cemented, that without the Pomp of ſaying, *Son, be a Friend to ſuch a one when I am gone*, *Camillus* knows being in his Favour is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is to ſucceed him, without the Admonition of his mentioning it. Theſe Gentlemen are Honoured in all their Neighbourhood, and the ſame Effect which a Court has on the Manners of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who live within the Influence of them.

My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate our good Actions or Intentions to ſo many as theſe Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to ſay, my Son has, by the Applauſe and Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, occaſioned that many an old Man, beſides my ſelf, has rejoiced. Other Mens Children follow the Example of mine, and I have the inexpreſſible

Happineſ

' Happineſs of over-hearing our Neighbours, as we ' ride by, point to their Children, and ſay with a ' Voice of Joy, There they go.

' You cannot, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, paſs your ' time better, than in inſinuating the Delights which ' theſe Relations well regarded beſtow upon each ' other. Ordinary Paſſages are no longer ſuch, but ' mutual Love gives an Importance to the moſt in- ' different things, and a Merit to Actions the moſt ' inſignificant. When we look round the World, ' and obſerve the many Miſunderſtandings which are ' created by the Malice and Inſinuation of the mean- ' eſt Servants between People thus related, how ne- ' ceſſary will it appear that it were inculcated, that ' Men would be upon their Guard to ſupport a ' Conſtancy of Affection, and that grounded upon ' the Principles of Reaſon, not the Impulſes of In- ' ſtinct.

' It is from the common Prejudices which Men ' receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept ' alive from one Generation to another; and when ' Men act by Inſtinct, Hatreds will deſcend when ' good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy ' of Human Life is ſuch, that our Anger is more ' eaſily transferred to our Children than our Love. ' Love always gives ſomething to the Object it de- ' lights in, and Anger ſpoils the Perſon againſt ' whom it moved of ſomething laudable in him: ' From this Degeneracy therefore, and a ſort of ' Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill ' Will of our Parents, than to follow them in their ' Friendſhips.

' One would think there ſhould need no more to ' make Men keep up this ſort of Relation with the ' utmoſt Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. ' If every Father remembered his own Thoughts and ' Inclinations when he was a Son, and every Son ' remembered what he expected from his Father, when ' he himſelf was in a ſtate of Dependance, this ' one Reflection would preſerve Men from being ' diſſolute or rigid in theſe ſeveral Capacities. The ' Power and Subjection between them when broken, ' make them more emphatically Tyrants and Re- ' bels againſt each other, with greater Cruelty of ' Heart than the diſruption of States and Empires ' can poſſibly produce. I ſhall end this Application ' to you with two Letters which paſſed between a ' Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.

*Dear* FRANK,

' IF the Pleaſures which I have the Grief to hear ' you purſue in Town do not take up all your ' time, do not deny your Mother ſo much of it, as ' to read ſeriouſly this Letter. You ſaid before ' Mr. *Letacre*, that an old Woman might live very ' well in the Country upon half my Jointure, and ' that your Father was a fond Fool to give me a ' Rent Charge of Eight hundred a Year to the Pre- ' judice of his Son. What *Letacre* ſaid to you ' upon that Occaſion you ought to have born ' with more Decency, as he was your Father's well- ' beloved Servant, than to have called him *Country- ' putt*. In the firſt place, *Frank*, I muſt tell you I ' will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up ' to your Siſters for the Partiality I was guilty of, ' in making your Father do ſo much as he has done ' for you. I may, it ſeems, live upon half my Join- ' ture? I lived upon much leſs, *Frank*, when I car- ' ried you from place to place in theſe Arms, and ' could neither eat, dreſs, or mind any thing for ' Feeding and Tending you a weakly Child, and ' ſhedding Tears when the Convulſions you were ' then troubled with returned upon you. By m ' Care you outgrew them, to throw away the V ' gour of your Youth in the Arms of Harlot ' deny your Mother what is not yours to d ' Both your Siſters are crying to ſee the ' which I ſmother; but if you pleaſe to go ' like a Gentleman of the Town, and forgt ' gards to your ſelf and Family, I ſhall immed ' enter upon your Eſtate for the Arrear due to me, ' without one Tear more contemn you for forget ' the Fondneſs of your Mother, as much as yo ' have the Example of your Father. Oh Frank, d ' I live to omit Writing my ſelf

*Your Affectionate Mother,*

A. T.

*MADAM,*

' I Will come down to Morrow and pay the M ' on my Knees. Pray write ſo no more. I w ' take care you never ſhall, for I will be for o ' hereafter

*Your moſt Dutiful Son,*

F. T.

' I will bring down new Heads for my Sil ' Pray let all be forgotten.


*ADVERTISEMENTS.*

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedia

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this ſent Tueſday, the 1ſt Day of January, will be Comedy call'd, The Chances. As it was Alter'd by the Buckingham. The part of Don John by Mr. Wilks, Don by Mr. Mills, Conſtantia by Mrs. Oldfield, Antonio by Mr. Keithman, Anthony by Mr. Norris, Peter by Mr. Croſs, tia by Mrs. Porter, the Mother by Mrs. Powell, Landlady Willis. To which will be added a Farce of one Act only Country Wake, the part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Sir Thom by Mr. Bullock, Friendly by Mr. Pack, Fora by Mrs. Sa

This is to give Notice, That Mr. Eſtcourt choſen and bid in to the BUMPER Tavern in Jame Covent Garden (which was opened this Day, the 1ſt Inſta the beſt Accommodation) neat natural Wines, freſh and ſ ſection, being bought of Brooke and Hellier, by whom the will from time to time be ſupplied with the beſt Growths be Imported, to be ſold by Wholeſale as well as Retail, with moſt Fidelity by his old Servant Truſty Anthony, who has ſo adorned both the Theatres in England and Ireland; and as he ſon altogether unknowing in the Wine Trade, it cannot be doubt that he will deliver the Wine in the ſame natural Purity that ceives it from the ſaid Merchants; and on theſe Aſſurances he that all his Friends and Acquaintance will become his Cuſtom firing a continuance of their Favours no longer than they find themſelves well ſerved. Note, That the beſt Growths of France alſo conſtantly be ſold at the aboveſaid Tavern.

Lately Publiſhed,

An ESSAY upon CRITICIS

——— Si quid novifti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum. Hora

Printed for W. Lewis in Ruſſel ſtreet, Covent Garden; and ſold J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall.

There is now in the Preſs, and will ſoon be Pu liſhed, A Tranſlation De Menſura ſortis ſeu de probabilitate Eventus in Ludis a Caſu fortuito pendentibus, Autore Abr. de Moivre, from the Philoſophical Tranſactions for the Months of January, Feb ary and March 1711, No. 329. By an Officer in the Army.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

Dr. Tilly's Sermon on the Parable of the Phari Preached before the Lord Mayor, November 11, 1711, price 6d. Hiſtorical Account of the Heathen Gods and Heroes; neceſſary for U derſtanding of the Ancient Poets. Being an improvement of ever has been hitherto written by the Greek, Latin, French and gliſh Authors upon that Subject. By Br. King, price 2s. Ex Ovidii Faſtis per Thomam Johnſon, uſui Scholæ Brentfordi price 1s. All Mr. Farquhar's Comedies, price 6s. Callipædia Art of getting pretty Children, price 1s. 6d. The late Earl of D dale's Tranſlation of Virgil, price 5s. All Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Croſs Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fl ſtreet. Where may be had Mr. Steele's three Comedies, price 5s. and Madam Dacier's Homer Tranſlated into Engliſh, with Cuts, price 2s. 6d.



*LONDON*: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* the *Strand*.